

THERE'S SOMETHING ON MY LIP, LOVE!

BALLAD

Written by

W. D. Gallagher Esq.

ADAPTED TO AN AIR

Quanto è bella, quanto è cara

Donizetti's Opera

L'ELISIRE D'AMORE;

AND RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO

M^{rs}. D. C. Sewall

BY

W. C. PETERS.

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"THERE'S SOMETHING ON MY LIP, LOVE."

CAVATINA.

Words by W. D. Gallagher Esq.

Adapted by W. C. Peters.

VOICE.

Larghetto.

PIANO.

dol.

There's something on my lip, love, Be - tween a hope and fear, . . . But I

may not breathe it thence love, On thy for - hid - den ear. There's

The musical score is written for voice and piano. The voice part is in a single staff with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The piano accompaniment is in two staves, with the right hand in treble clef and the left hand in bass clef. The time signature is 2/4. The tempo is marked 'Larghetto.' and the dynamics include 'dol.' (dolce). The lyrics are written below the voice staff. The score consists of two systems of music. The first system contains the first two lines of the song, and the second system contains the next two lines. The piano accompaniment features a steady eighth-note pattern in the left hand and more complex chords and melodic lines in the right hand.

something on my heart, love, That li - eth hea - vy there; But I may not, may not

rall.

colla voce.

tell it, thee, Tho' si - lence work des - pair. But I may not, may not tell it, thee, There's

a piacere.

something on my lip love, Be - tween a hope and fear, But I

may not breathe it thence, love, On thy for - hid - den ear, But I may not breathe it

thence, love, On thy for-bidden ear, But I may not breathe it thence, love! In thy for-bidden

8va

ear, I may not breathe it thence, love, On thy for-bid-den

ff

edf. There's

something in my breast, love, That whis-pers we are one, Tho' the

cur - rents of our life, love, Can ne'er to - ge - ther run. There's

something in my soul, love, Not wise - ly so, but pure - Yet I may not, may not

rall.

colla voce.

tell it thee, But si - lent - ly en - dure. Yet I may not, may not tell it t'hee - There's

a piacere.

a tempo.

something in my breast, love, That whis - pers we are one, Tho' the

cur rents of our life, love, Can ne'er to - ge - ther run, Tho' the currents of our

life, love, Can ne'er to - ge - ther run, Tho' the currents of our life, love, Can ne'er to - ge - ther

run, The currents of our life, love, Can ne'er to - geth - er

run,

